Assault on the Flag.
Elk in Strange Pastures.
Drake's Near Catch.
Dress Reformers.

I want to call to the attention of all good patriots the fact that at this present moment there is being made an attack upon our flag, a part of the horrible result of which we will see as soon as the steamer Cleveland arrives here next month with some hundreds of visitors. Whether America will be able to stand the shock or not remains to be seen. Possibly if Leal has been put into the sheriff's office and Zelaya has been licked by that time we will be able to survive. But it will probably be touch and go. What is happening is this—I hate to put it bluntly for fear of the influence it may have on the price of United States bonds—that a foreign steamer has broken into the coastwise trade and is actually bringing passengers on an excursion around the world from New York to San Francisco.

Think of it! Think of the treason that lurks among those four hundred American passengers on the Cleveland! And forty of them are Christian Endeavorers, too! A couple of hundred of them are fairly well-to-do men, posing at home as real Americans, pretending to love the flag with that quiet love that was supposed to be the best until the flag-flapper set a better example. In my opinion this Cleveland business shows a serious state of affairs, being evidence of a wide-spread conspiracy to upset the whole scheme of American government.

All loyal Honolulans will naturally refuse to accept any of the money that these excursionists may want to spend here. Spurn it as tainted money! Have nothing to do with the visitors, unless it be to take them up to the Capitol, and, with one hand on your heart and the other pointing to the flag, read them a lesson in real patriotism of the original we-want-no-tourists brand (patent applied for).

They may be ashamed. They will undoubtedly be surprised.

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If you were the man who had the handling of the funds of a great commonwealth and were threatened with being pinched for being broke—wouldn't it make you mad? And if, at the last minute, just as a big, husky policeman was on the point of dragging you away and locking you up in a cell at the stationhouse, a Good Samaritan came along and rescued you—well, wouldn't you want to show that Good Samaritan a good time?

It happened to a Honolulan who went to New York not long ago. He discovered that the bracing air of the eastern city had aroused his jaded appetite and he was obsessed with an ever-present desire to eat. This desire struck him with especial force one evening after he had been tramping the streets of the big city taking in the sights, and he betook himself to a big and expensive restaurant and ordered a large, juicy beefsteak with mushrooms. Stretching his legs under the table, he proceeded to devour it with much gusto. When he had finished and had sipped his small black, punctuated with luxurious puffs of a cigarette, the waiter brought him the check—$2.75. He was a sport and $2.75 didn't faze him. In fact, he was going to be game and present the waiter with at least thirty cents as a tip.

With the air of one used to handling large sums, he plunged his hand into his trousers pocket, then withdrew it and tried the other pocket. A worried look took the place of the smile of content that had made his face look like the August moon. He tried his coat pockets, the pockets of his waistcoat, then went back and tried them all over again.

"Well, that's strange," he remarked in a puzzled tone. "I evidently forgot to change my money when I changed my clothes. If you'll just wait a few minutes until I run around to the hotel, I'll bring it to you."

"Say, cheese it, cull," retorted the waiter. "You must think I'm easy. We gets that kind of story about five times a day. Nuthin' doing fer you, see? You come through quick or I'll call a cop."

"But you don't know who I am," said the diner. "My name is D. L. Conkling, and I'm treasurer of the Territory of Hawaii."

"No you ain't," replied the waiter. "You're the King of England, only you don't know it. But it costs you $2.75, and you want to come through right know or you go to the jug."

The diner expostulated, explained, begged, but the waiter remained incredulous and obdurate. Finally the waiter's patience gave out, and he touched a push-button. "That will bring the cop in about a minute," said the waiter. "We keep that button there for just such guys as you, that thinks they can beat us."

The Honolulan had just about made up his mind that it was the jail for him, when he saw a man enter the room with an Elks' button in his lapel. The man from Honolulu gave the signal of distress, and the Elk sauntered over to find out what was the matter. Conk—the Honolulan told of the embarrassing position in which he was placed, and said that he was the treasurer of Hawaii—also an Elk.

"Let's see your card," said the city Elk.

"I'm sorry, but my card is in my pocketbook with my money," said the country Elk.

"Um-huh-h-h." grumbled the city Elk. "Well, what's the bill?"

"Two seventy-five," interrupted the waiter, "and here's the cop. One of you wants to come through or that cheap guy goes to the station, see?"

"Oh, well, I'll take a chance for two seventy-five," said the Elk, rather doubtfully. And he paid the bill.

"And, do you know?" said the Prodigal, when he returned to Honolulu, "it cost me forty dollars to square myself with that Elk that night. But it was worth it." And he smiled reminiscently.

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Walter F. Drake, the local collector of internal revenue, almost broke into the automobile class last week—almost, but not quite. But he came so close to it that he can pronounce "chauffeur" as correctly as if he were the actual owner of a seven-seater. It happened this way:

Drake was walking up Fort street one morning, when, happening to glance into the tonneau of a buzz wagon, he saw something that made him stop suddenly and look again. Then he crept quietly into a doorway and waited. What he had seen was a cigar box, apparently full, but without the government stamp on it. Now, a box of cigars without a government stamp is something that an internal revenue man thinks worth finding, for its possession is a violation of the law, and subjects to confiscation not only the cigars, but also of whatever article of carriage they happen to be in. In this case, the article of carriage was a fine automobile—and the internal revenue office needs a machine, anyway. So Drake hid himself, thinking that when the owner of the machine came along he would spring out and arrest him and confiscate the box of cigars and the auto.

The collector waited and waited until he grew tired of waiting. Still nobody came. The lunch hour did come, though, and Drake got hungry. At last, when the crying of his stomach had become nothing less than a yell, he stepped out of his hiding place, approached the automobile, and lifted the cover of the cigar box. It was full of nails!

The office is still looking for an automobile.

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Since the last issue of the Honolulu Times appeared upon the streets and news stands I have been waiting for the explosion. It may have been the damp weather of the last few days or it may have been the happy feeling of the Christmas season in the hearts of men and womenkind that are-unts for it, but the explosion has not come. Even when I take into consideration the peace on earth sentiments on the Christmas cards and the love one another ideas of the Red Cross stamp, I confess that I am surprised, for what the Times suggests in the way of a needed reform is no less than more appropriate and less giddy clothes for young girls!

Below is what the editress of the Times says about clothes, and, as she is of the gentler sex and in consequence more of a judge of feminine apparel than I am, I wish to quote her verbatim. Naturally she makes her observations under the editorial we, but the Times editor is singular, nevertheless. She observes:

"Thursday, Nov. 4. (Rainbow this morning). Went across to Young Cafe for hot coffee at 6:15 a. m. Little later rode up Nuuanu; we confess to not a little amazement at the finery and tinsel, etc., of not a few of our girls of different nationalities as they wend their way schoolward. how they can meet their laundry bill not to speak of lace and ribbon, is a conundrum—the daily wear and tear of it all! We are often led to ask ourself: Where are the parents, what work do they do? and how are they clad? But then, we are an advocate of the simple life. Wealth can buy and buy and not miss the money; but, the poor girls of small means must not try to follow on that road!

"We really think the clergy ought to advocate a pretty neat inexpensive gown for young women.

"It is astonishing to note the hats and gewgaws often of many (not of all). Youth is sweet and lovely of itself and needs only a plain quiet setting. To our eyes cheap jewelry, cotton lace, ruffles, and a mass of artificial roses over red and yellow, etc., is, to say the least, confounded!"

Now, of all the philosophical treatises I have read of late, none has struck me with the force of the above from the Times. To the father of a family of growing girls there is something particularly pleasing about that "pretty, neat, inexpensive gown" proposition. I am also struck with the soundness of the advice that the clergy take this question up and submit plans and specifications for the "plain, quiet setting" for Honolulu's sweet and lovely youth. I rise to second the motion. I move in amendment that the Ministerial Association tackle the job at their next session. The association could nominate a suitable committee of three—say Johnny Martin, Palama Rath and Reverend Ming—and have them draft o ffa few patterns for approval, in which ribbons, laces, ruffles and what the Times calls gewgaws would be omitted from the scheme. Martin, being an artist and familiar with the various water-proof brands of kalsomine, could very appropriately suggest a number of quite color schemes, so that the ineradicable love of youth for mezzotints would not be entirely ignored.

Of course the scheme belongs to the Times and I do not want to butt in and take any of the credit for these suggestions. All I want is to be around when "sweet and lovely youth" has to put on her first quiet setting a la clergy. I have an idea that the quiet setting would be considerable disturbed.

Lone Observer in Lower Nuuanu

Pride went before the Lone Observer and pretty nearly broke his neck. In this instance, Pride was personified by the Sky Pilot, who is a proud and haughty man, and who insists upon taking the lead at all times. As the Lone Observer walked humbly behind, he profited by the fall of the Sky Pilot and remained unscathed.

The two were carrying on investigations of their own among the Chinese tenements around Nuuanu and Beretania and mauka of that. Chinese civilization is three thousand years old, but the Chinese tenements had patriarchal fuzzy beards on their chins when that civilization was in is cradle.

It was on the back porch of a tenement on School street where the Fall occurred. The entire building was of a rather yielding temperament, but the back porch was the most diabolical and deceptive back porch that the Lone Observer ever saw. As is the manner of investigators, that is, some investigators, the two always make a practice of going to the back door of things. This is what they were doing this time, when that forever-condemned back porch gave a loud crack and the Sky Pilot went through two inches of wood and three thousand years of civilization. Luckily old Sky reached bottom after he went two feet, and would have recovered with much of his dignity if a charming Chinese miss had not stuck her head out of the window close to his left ear and smiled sweetly.

Talking about three thousand years of civilization. There are several Chinese schools in the neighborhood, and the Lone Observer singled out a young student of Confucius who seemed full of oriental subtlety and ancient lore. The Lone Observer has never been able to get rid of this impression of the Chinese, although he has been in the business for a month and a half. Learning that it is best to be patronizing with the Young Idea, he stroked the little boy softly on his head (his hair was like pig's bristles), and the young student of Confucius and the good Lord Buhd stuck his head at a curious angle and said, "Let go er me face."

The Lone Observer resigns.

But to revert to the tenements. In their construction, these tenements are similar to others in Honolulu, outside and inside. They are not as dirty as the habitations of that dear Kakaako, neither do they smell in such wise as do the Moiliili camps; likewise they are not as mediocre as a Palama magnified habitable hat-box, because any place where a twenty-stone man goes through the porch has the virtue of extreme antiquity.

The Chinese tenements are original. It is always delicate to talk about them in polite society, but as some time, when Honolulu is covered with the dust of ages, some people will dig this copy of The Advertiser out of the ground and read, let us pretend that we are they and discuss this in a purely impersonal light. Let it be known, then, that in these Chinese tenements there is one extra story always erected between the front and back wings of the house, detached and connected with quasi-bridges. In these detached wings are kitchens and other things that prove that three thousand years of civilization have given the Chinese compact ideas of the economizing of space.

Still, the landlord of this particular tenement had some modern ideas. For instance, he had pasted on various places around the building typewritten copies of "notices to tenants," and, as they were written in English, it is presumed that they were quite edifying to the tenants who are written in Chinese. Among the rules is one that dogs must not live in the house. Another states that anyone a week in arrears with rent shall move immediately. This is quite modern. Still another informs the tenants that they must not move their furniture at night. This is still more modern.

Those Chinese schools that the Lone Observer spoke about were in full blast yesterday. A Chinese school in full blast plays second fiddle only to a meeting of the Hawaii supervisors. There were two of them glanced into by the investigators. According to oriental ideas, if the coming generation is not making a noise it isn't studying, so, as is well known, they all study out loud. Because this has been written in books, it is not interesting. But wait till you hear 'em. A six-year-old girl has a voice like the voice of an uneasy conscience.

On Kukui street is the Hirano Hotel. The proprietor, when found, was dressed in that same old three thousand years of civilization without frills. After he arrayed himself in more suitable attire, he showed the investigators around the building. The hotel bears an evil repute in the city, but as that three thousand years of civilization seems to have taken up its abode in this district and as there must be something of evil in all that time, let's leave it to the police department.

There is one thing in the Chinese compounds that is not three thousand years old, but which is just short of nineteen hundred and ten years old. This is the little obscure Chinese mission conducted on Beretania avenue by Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie. If Mrs. McKenzie had not been standing at the back door with a broom in her hands (the day was muddy and a class of sixty had just left), the Lone Observer and the Sky Pilot would have missed the best part of all. The mission occupies one end of one of the cleaner tenements. Downstairs is a classroom; upstairs a clubroom, and the living rooms of the McKenzies. They have a class of sixty girls, who are learning sewing, classes being held Saturday afternoons. Ten or twelve older Chinese women also study sewing under the instruction of Mrs. McKenzie. A club of Chinese boys and a class of men occupy the rest of the time of two people who are doing more to Americanize Hawaii than any others.

Their work has been going on at this place for a year, earnestly and quietly; the most timid and retiring of the nationalities represented in Hawaii are being brought within the influence of the kindest and the best of hearts. They are themselves living in the same compound with the people they want to reach, not aloof from them in a pretentious missionhouse, but their corner of the house is exquisitely neat and airy; a model for the district and a model that is being emulated. The Lone Observer saw as much.

There is much to see in the civilization of three thousand years, but there is a whole lot more in the People of the Present.

Small Talks

HARRY ARMITAGE—Well, I wasn't on that grand jury, anyway.

J. B. WALKER—The soccer season this year is going to be the most closely contested and, I hope, the best attended we have ever had.

JOHN M. MARTIN—They needn't think I have the Y. M. C. A. organ. Theodore Richards knows as much about as I do.

W. H. CRAWFORD—I am glad that Leal and I got our vindications on the same day from the same jury. It is that kind of encouragement that helps a fellow along in this wicked world.

J. ROBINSON—I can not for the life of me understand why drivers of automobiles and horses inconsiderately stop on the crossing that has just been put in between Wichman's and Whitney & Marsh's stores.

ED. TOWSE—Every time I think of the complaint of one of the grafting San Francisco supervisors, when one of the others squealed, I have to laugh. "Everybody's knocking!" he said, when the game was given away.

CHARLES AKANA—Our clerk, John Wong, of the firm of Tuck & Lok, has been arrested for selling a bottle of malt extract, while other concerns sell it without a license and are immune from arrest. What is the reason?

LORRIN ANDREWS—There is a possibility of the Military Athletic Association taking up basketball during the winter. If a suitable place in which to play can be obtained, I think it probable that a series will be arranged.

CHESTER DOYLE—I did some work for the County of Hawaii and the supervisors wanted to pay me off at the rate of two and a half a day. I suppose they figured my services at what their's is worth. I told them they could keep the money.

R. K. BONINE—I am glad to see that the committee looking into the Leilehua moving picture scheme has decided to instal a dynamo and have electricity for the pictures. At one time they thought of using gas, which is never so satisfactory.

SUPERVISOR JIM QUINN—The supervisors are sore at Jarrett for not bringing his evidence against Leal before their police committee. He had the right to fire Leal if he wanted to, but we should have been told about it and taken into his confidence.

DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH—I found the climate at Bombay was not agreeing with me, and I thought it best to come back to Honolulu and stay awhile before going to the mainland. After going to the Coast I will make up my mind where I will locate.

JOHN EFFINGER—I believe there is a fair chance of Manoa Valley getting ten-minute cars from ten minutes to five until ten minutes to six in the afternoons. Such a service from the Rapid Transit company would be greatly appreciated by the valley patrons.

SIDELIGHTS

FUNERALS AND FEASTS.

When Walter Scott in his immortal Ivanhoe, made the jester Wamba remark that on account of the viands, the huge Saxon Athelstane would dearly love to be present at his own funeral feast, had he been versed in Chinese lore he might have done better, delayed the resurrection till after the feast was over, and still gratified the husky giant's love of good cheer.

For the Chinese do feed the departed, and, if reports of relatives and others in a position to know be correct, the repast is always enjoyed.

The funeral itself is worth observing. If you see papers being scattered, get hold of one of them, and you may then safely wager on the sex of the chief attraction in the procession. If the paper you find has eight holes in it, one of the tender sex has shuffled off; if nine, one of the untender kind has cashed in. Just why the distinction is made I don't know, and again would call on the students.

They don't need waste any time on the reason, for every person of even average intelligence knows that the devil is required to pass through each hole of each piece of paper distributed, and that if he gets lazy or tired or too much paper is used, the deceased is safe, because the cortege reaches the graveyard before his Satanic Majesty,—and everybody knows that his lack of punctuality deprives him of his prey.

But to come back to the feast. A custom prevails which may not generally be known, but it is indulged in here in Honolulu, and worth noting. For, I think seven weeks, although I may be mistaken as to my figures, there is, in case of the death of the head of the house, weekly set out a feast. If he liked some particular dish, it is prepared for him with peculiar and loving care. His Chinese wine is set out, properly iced, cork drawn, and best glass ready for use. His own chop sticks are placed where they may be readily secured by him. If he was a smoker, pipes and opium or tobacco, as the case may be, are in readiness. His own chair, sitting in which he has in a patriarchal manner presided over the household for years, is drawn up to the vacant place at the table. And when the Waianae range has disposed of the sun, and the stars begin to peep out, the candles are lighted at the shrine in what was wont to be his favorite room, and the family, together with a couple of female friends called in to assist should necessity arise, retire to an adjoining apartment. Sometime, as midnight approaches, the feast begins, and the affectionate family and faithful friends understand that their efforts to provide the comforts and luxuries have been properly appreciated. Breathlessly silent, intently listening, they can hear the gurgle as the bottle is turned up, the faint coming together of the chop sticks, the scratching of the match, the final departure of the dead. And when they go in, their pleasure is dependent to some extent on how the feast has been enjoyed. If little of the wine has been consumed, the week following another brand will be substituted; if the viands have not all been consumed, the necessary inference will be drawn that the nocturnal visitor was not completely satisfied with the manner in which they were prepared, and for the next week's spread even greater care will be exercised. The pipes are cleaned, the chop sticks carefully put away, and the lights extinguished.

In these days of airships, and advanced science, and universal religion at times approaching agnosticism, and investigation which conclusively proves to the satisfaction of the investigator that our pet aversions, Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot, never did exist, some of us may laugh at this celestial superstition. Sidelights thinks it a pretty one, and that it should not be exploded. For were I a man and paying the penalty of a masculine misspent life by being on my deathbed, the shadows gathering about me would not be quite so fearful, might I be assured that loved ones, if even for only seven weeks, would miss me, and, instead of trying to break my will, look after my material comforts, even as they did in life; put my favorite books handy; provide a well cooked beefsteak or some other favorite dish; supply my own brand of cigars, and my Scotch high ball. Maybe I might not believe that the opportunity would be afforded me to partake of these comforts, but I do know that as the shadows came closer and closer, I would feel braver on the brink of facing my unknown fate by such sweet anticipation.

The custom exists. I trust that curiosity, rather than a ravenous necessity, will prompt you to investigate, if you don't believe Sidelights.

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GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

It is the province, sometimes overlooked and neglected, and the duty, oftimes forgotten unless paid for in advertisements at so much per column, of every well-regulated thirty-page Sunday-Edition newspaper, to advise its readers where and how they can get most for their money.

Gratuitously, for I don't have to pay for nor get paid for my space, and having no wares to place on the market, this advice is accorded by Sidelights to her few readers.

When you go to a moving picture show, pay no attention whatsoever to location when you purchase your seats. Never mind whether they are down stairs or upstairs, whether reserved or plain everyday chairs—see to it if you can that they are immediately, behind or in front of a couple of Japanese. And then, if you don't get more than your money's worth it will be because you are not observing, hard of hearing, or extremely pessimistic.

My son and I went to see Bonine on Tuesday of this week, when I made this discovery. We just happened to get seats in front of a couple of Japs, presumably man and wife,—and then we listened and watched. Of course the listening amounted only to a guessing contest as to what was being said, but just the same, the tones were eloquent in meaning.

When Oliver Twist came along on the screen and asked for more, the tones indicated that my neighbors were puzzled. Whether it was due to his stage whiskers, or his treatment of Dickens' little here, we could not tell, but it was quite evident that any advances made by Pegas to them savoring

(Continued on Page Seven.)